

The Times-Dispatch

Published every day in the year by
The Times-Dispatch Publishing Co., Inc.

THE TIMES-DISPATCH, Founded.....1888
THE DISPATCH, Founded.....1850

Address all communications
THE TIMES-DISPATCH,
Telephone, Randolph 1.

Publication Office.....10 S. Tenth Street
South Richmond.....1020 Hull Street
Richmond.....109 N. Sycamore Street
Lynchburg.....218 Eighth Street

HASBROOK, STORY & BROOKS, INC.,
Special Advertising Representatives.
New York.....200 Fifth Avenue
Philadelphia.....Mutual Life Building
Chicago.....People's Gas Building

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
BY MAIL. One Six Three One
Postage Paid. Year. Mos. Mos. Mo.
Daily and Sunday.....\$6.00 \$3.00 \$1.50 \$.55
Daily only.....4.00 2.00 1.00 .35
Sunday only.....2.00 1.00 .50 .25

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in
Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg:
Daily, with Sunday, one week.....15 cents
Daily without Sunday, one week.....10 cents
Sunday only.....5 cents

Entered January 27, 1905, at Richmond, Va., as
second-class matter under act of Congress of
March 3, 1879.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1914.

THE TIMES-DISPATCH and Breakfast
are served together with unfailing regu-
larity in the Best Homes of Richmond.
Is your morning program complete?

Keep Richmond Clean!

IN CAUSING the arrest and securing the con-
viction of the man responsible, under the
law, for an indecent theatrical performance,
Chief of Police Werner has served warning
again that Richmond is not, nor ever desires
to be, a "wide-open" city.

Itinerant showmen, who disregard decency
and fling propriety to the winds, in order to
make money for their employers, may sneer
at "small town" methods, but the citizens of
this conservative, yet prosperous and progres-
sive, community heartily indorse the determi-
nation of its Chief of Police to keep it also
clean.

Captain Robert E. Lee

VIRGINIA will mourn with the members of
his family and that large circle of friends
who knew him intimately and loved him well
the death of Captain Robert E. Lee. He
was the nape-sake and last surviving son of
the great Confederate leader, and these
circumstances alone, without the solid
achievements of his life and the modest
charm of his personality, would have
endeared him to the South.

Captain Lee went into the army his father
commanded as a boy of nineteen and served
as a private in the ranks until the last year
that hostilities continued. He won a cap-
tain's commission, not through favoritism,
but by distinguished gallantry on the field
of battle. Since the war he had lived the
simple, useful, happy life of a Virginia
country gentleman. His book, "Recollections
and Letters of Robert E. Lee," is a solid
contribution to war literature, presenting, as
it does, an intimate family portrait of his
father and chieftain. It will link this gallant
and modest Virginian, who was its author,
to the labors of the historian of the future
when he shall come to write of the South
in the days that tried men's souls.

Buy in Richmond.

THERE is no reason on earth why Rich-
mond women should go to New York, or
any other city, for the purpose of buying
their clothes. There is every reason why
Richmond women this year should be espe-
cially determined to make their purchases at
home. There is no economy, certainly, in
travelling away to New York or Baltimore,
as many do. Quality for quality, prices are
as low here as they are in other cities, and
on the shelves and counters of Richmond mer-
chants are wares to suit every taste.

That is one view of the matter, but there
is another. The business depression that
has followed the European war was not
anticipated last spring, when buyers were
ordering their fall and winter stocks. They
expected a season of great prosperity and
business activity, and they bought generously
with that in view. These stocks must be
moved. If they are not, the merchants will
suffer, and then their employees, and then
the great multitude with whose lives those of
the merchants and their employees are inter-
related.

To patronize home merchants this year is
a patriotic duty.

Fifty Years

ON this page The Times-Dispatch prints
"War News Fifty Years Ago." Half a
century hence newspapers will be chronicling
the events of 1914 under a similar heading.
Will the people of that day wonder what sort
of barbarians were the old men of that time,
who sent the blood and brains and souls of
youth into armed conflict?

Aside from war, supposing some great
mind could accurately write "Fifty Years
Hence." That prophecy would perhaps
speak of the disappearance of such curious
things as 1914 automobiles, telegraph, tele-
phone, unbalanced aeroplanes, snail-like
seventy-mile express trains, home cooking
and indigestion. Writing "Fifty Years Hence,"
we might well imagine some such paragraphs
as these:

Birdman John Jones has successfully
down 500 miles an hour with his
shoulder wings.

A tunnel has been completed from
New York to Chicago, through which,
by air compression, a passenger car was
sent to Chicago in fifteen minutes.

A wireless message has been sent
around the world without relay, the
operator who sent it instantly receiving
it again, without interference.

Mme. Melba-Helink, in her apartments
at the St. Regis, New York, gave a con-
cert by wireless telephone at Crystal
Palace, London, accompanied by an
orchestra playing in Moscow at the same
time.

The Rockefeller Institute has at last
manufactured in its laboratory an egg
that was actually hatched in an incubator
four days.

The New York Construction Company
has contracted to erect a sixty-story
fireproof office building, which must be
completed and ready for occupancy in
four days.

Sounds foolish, doesn't it? If any prophet
offered such nonsense we would all hurry
right away for a policeman, and talk about
what a pity it was to let irresponsible people

run around in the heavy traffic! And yet,
what would we have done to a man fifty
years ago to-day, who, writing "Fifty Years
Hence," dared to say:

All of Europe is engaged in a gigantic
war, and America is threatened.
An aviator flying in the air, shot
from the deck of a gunboat, fell into the
ocean, but was saved by a submarine.
Trains are now running from New
York to Jersey City under the river,
instead of over it.

A man named Marconi has sent a
telegram across the Atlantic Ocean
without cables or wires, through the
air.

Horses are no longer used for driving,
carriages running on their own
motive power.

Street cars are being run by elec-
tricity.

A machine has been invented by
Thomas A. Edison that will record and
reproduce all sounds, including the
human voice, which can be identified.

By a new process as many as eight
telegrams can be sent on one wire at
the same time without confusion.

It is possible to talk over a wire,
through an instrument known as the
telephone, from New York to San Fran-
cisco.

The United States has gone Demo-
cratic.

If any man had dared, fifty years ago, to
write the above prophecies, they'd have had
him in a padded cell in no time, plucking
hypothetical cherries from imaginary trees.

And yet all these things and many more have
come to pass, and, as we look ahead, the
fanciful predictions in the first group do not
seem in the least degree more unreasonable
than those in the second group certainly
would have seemed to the man who curled
his lip in derision and doubt in 1864.

Again, we rise to remark that it is a won-
derful world—a wonderful, whirling, zig-
zagging, staggering, preposterous world!
There is no end of what man might do, no
telling what he might attempt, even to
scaling the horizon, if he could locate it, to
force the gates of heaven! When man neu-
tralizes gravitation and finds a way to exist
and go through that dead belt beyond earth's
atmosphere, he may even fly to Mars, as he
will surely some day fly to the North Pole,
and make nothing of it more thrilling than
a fast ride on a roller coaster.

Loans of Money to Belligerents

PRESIDENT WILSON'S reiterated of the
administration's stand on the subject of
loans by American banks or individuals to
European nations now at war is as difficult
to understand as the first statement of that
position. The government makes no effort
to prevent the sale of merchandise to the
belligerents, even though it be contraband,
and so subject to seizure by the enemies of
the nation to which it is consigned. No reason
is apparent why an exception should be
made in the case of money.

Of course, as the President confesses, this
government has no legal right to forbid its
citizens to lend money to France or Germany.
The administration insists, however, that
loans of money are not "in the spirit of true
neutrality," and frowns on the practice.

If one of the powers now at war seeks a
loan in this country, it is not for the purpose
of depositing gold in its treasure vaults. The
days of hoarding vanished with the declara-
tion of war; these are the days of spending.
It is unlikely even that the borrower would
have any use for actual cash. It would seek
rather the establishment in this country of
credits on which it might draw for purchases
of those articles a nation at war vitally
requires—arms and munitions, for example,
and clothing and food.

To a banker money and credit are com-
modities in which he deals just as a mer-
chant of another sort deals in flour or silk.
Gold is contraband of war, truly, but not
more so than rifles and cartridges. Why
should the banker be condemned if he sell
his credit to a belligerent, when the ammuni-
tion factory is not interfered with or even
frowned on in the sale of its wares?

The United States owes billions of dollars
to the nations now at war. One of the
dangers of the existing financial situation is
that Europe will require the liquidation of
this enormous indebtedness, and so make
further weakening demands on our supplies
of gold. The recent \$150,000,000 gold pool
was raised for the purpose of convincing
Europe that the United States was in a posi-
tion to meet its obligations, and, by inspiring
confidence abroad, decrease the number and
amount of demands for liquidation.

Loans to belligerents would have an even
more healthy effect on this situation, because
they would mean the purchase of American
commodities and the payment to that extent
of the debts we now owe Europe. They are
not condemned by international law nor for-
bidden by any treaty to which this country is
a party. Why shouldn't they be made, if
financial interests have the cash and the
desire to take a chance?

Alphonse to Gaston

"I REGRET that I am compelled to drop
bombs, but war is war," wrote a Taube
aviator as he let one fall on Paris, and sent
the letter, addressed to General Gallieni,
whirling through the air to be delivered to
that warrior.

If there ever was irony, it is in this Al-
phonse-Gaston proceeding. "Pardon me, my
dear general, for blowing up a cathedral, but
it is necessary to my nation." "Kiss me, sol-
dier; I am about to blow your head off, and
it makes me sorry!" "Don't cry, little girl;
I am going to shoot your father, but you know
I don't like to do it!"

Of all the utter nonsense, the worst on
record is the profession of nations involved in
war that they don't want to fight. Ger-
mans, English, French, Russians—it's all the
same. The only nation that didn't really
want to fight, perhaps, was Belgium. The
rest are in it grinning, lapping gore, eager
for slaughter, looting and robbing, destroying
homes and wrecking villages—not because
they have to and regret it, but because they
want to, and wouldn't stop if the chance
was offered.

That may sound extreme and harsh, but
isn't it the truth? If the nations don't really
want to fight, isn't Woodrow Wilson waiting
for the first simple request to mediate?

It is mighty hard to believe that the bakers
will be successful in their reported plan to
raise the price of bread. They may be able
to reduce the size of the loaf, but bread has
cost 5 cents too long for the great American
public to be willing to pay either more or
less.

Former President Taft has spoken in terms
of the highest praise of the foreign policy of
the Wilson administration. With the excep-
tion of T. R., this makes the nation's approval
unanimous.

With the Carman and Ramsay-Harrison
cases now on trial, news from the seat of war
will have some first-class competition.

SONGS AND SAWS

Not Wasting Time.

The baseball player's gone to roost
Throughout the winter dream;
But still he is not wasting time,
As will in time appear—
He's thinking now of ways to boost
His salary for next year.

The Penitentist Says:

I am not going to dispute the accuracy of
the statement that "it is a long lane that has
no turning," but I usually find after the lane
has turned that it is steeper and rockier than
it was before.

Unyielding.

He (after the refusal).
Don't you think you will
ever change your mind.
She—Never. I gave up
that woman's privilege when
I took up the fight for
the woman's right. But you
might leave your address.

Cause and Effect.

Stubbs—What is your understanding of the
relation between cause and effect?
Grubbs—Let me explain it to you. Suppose
you came up to me and said you wanted to
borrow \$10. That's cause.

Stubbs—Yes.
Grubbs—Then I ran up to the nearest
policeman and asked him to protect me. That
would be effect.

The Bakers as Teachers.

I am glad to see so many bakers here to
share Richmond's hospitality," said the Promi-
nent Citizen. "While it is quite true that we
cannot live by bread alone, it is almost equally
true that we can't live without it. And with
so many experts here we ought to learn how
to make bread that is not only better, but best."

The Real Thing.

Well, this is the weather, October.
The you should provide.
Not the curious melody, half-sobber.
Which you have supplied.
We have need of the sun and its kisses;
We're tired of rain.
Now, remember, more hopeless misses
Of what we'd attain!

THE TATTLER.

Chats With Virginia Editors

"Those Russians seem to have lost the road
to Berlin," the Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch pauses
to remark, but we prefer to pin our faith to
the opinion of the author of "The Truce of the
Bear," who pronounces the "bear that walks
like a man" most dangerous when he doesn't
look it.

Editor Beazley thus extends his sympathy in
his South Boston News:

"Senator Mapp, of the Eastern Shore, though
surrounded by much water, is one of the 'dry-
est' men in the State. A prohibitionist from
your heart."

The plight of the fictional hero exemplified in
real life. "Water, water everywhere, and not
a drop to drink."

The Covington Virginian, which has no fear
of punishment nor hope of reward, but is given
to buying at the moon, thus mocks us:

"And now the old highway and by-way edi-
tor of the T-D carries four or five sticks a day
on biblical authorities and the analytical con-
ference and the Talmud and the Seven Books
of Moses and the Newport News Press is gasp-
ing and gurgling and quoting St. Paul and Min-
neapolis and Mark Hanna, and religion is roll-
ing all over the peninsula and threatening to
fill up those already too shallow harbors down
the river. And only the other day they were
wrangling over which took the pot—four acres
or a royal straight flush, a situation possible in
Richmond and Newport News, where there are
frequently as many as five or six aces to a
deck."

The meanwhile the impression concerning
the unprofitableness of casting pearls before
the unappreciative grows more vivid.

Our belief that the optimism for which Edi-
tor Ben Fisher has made his Eastern Shore
Herald famous is largely inspired by intimate
knowledge and intelligent appreciation of the
worth-while things is confirmed by this ut-
terance:

"Hurrah for Richmond! the greatest con-
vention of bankers in the history of finance;
the first regional reserve bank, and lots of other
big things. What Rome was once to the Tiber,
Richmond is to the James. May she hold all
she has and gain more!"

The Fredericksburg Star cautions its read-
ers:

"A number of counterfeit half-dollars are
said to be in circulation and bear the date
1910. Don't get bit!"

Half a dollar, Brother Byrd, is "four bits."

Says the Danville Register:

"General Thomas C. Rye is a candidate for
Governor of Tennessee; and it is said that the
long-divided Democracy of that State will unite
in support of his candidacy. Men have gotten
together on rye frequently before this."

Not a fair comparison, although the situa-
tion might be such in the case of a public
election, but as an evidence of good faith. Write
on one side of the paper, and inclose stamps
if manuscript is to be returned. Partisan
letters concerning the European war will not
be published.

Letters From the Penitentiary.

Sir,—Don't you think the penitentiary offi-
cials, in ruling that prisoners be restricted to
writing one letter a month, work an unneces-
sary hardship on prisoners and friends?
Are the prison authorities and convict camp
guards afraid that certain events will be over-
looked by the censors and reach the public
unless this ruling is enforced?

Anything the public will do to lighten the
load of these unfortunates will surely be ap-
preciated by those who realize conditions.
Richmond, October 19, 1914.

New Zealand and Colorado.

Sir,—You publish to-day a letter from Miss
Dooley, in which she gives woman suffrage in
New Zealand all the credit for the Court of Ar-
bitration, which settles labor disputes in that
country. Then you say the matter with the
voting women of Colorado? If any one of the
suffrage states of our own country had proved
a model of good government it would impress
us more than distant New Zealand. Virginia
has no industrial warfare, she has little or no
trouble with strikes of any kind, but if such
disturbances should occur it is inconceivable
that Virginians would depend on a sort of
array of occupation to govern the Old Domi-
nion. It is not votes, but character, that
makes a people great, and a letter law cannot
be enforced among a lawless people.

In this connection it is interesting to note,
what perhaps Miss Dooley does not know, that
within the last year there has been a very
remarkable strike in New Zealand, in which
the parties concerned would not consent to ar-
bitration. "The Federation of Labor called out
all workers on Dominion vessels and coastwise
trading ships, all workers on wharves and piers,
carters in the cities and coal miners through-
out the country. In Auckland 10,000 persons

went on strike simultaneously. Industry was
practically dead. Vessels were deserted by
crews, wharves were in possession of
strikers, the shops were closed on the empty
streets." Arbitration having been refused, the
government would not interfere. But the
Farmers' Co-operative Union brought 1,800
men from the United States and 1,000 into
New Zealand, all prepared to carry on the work
and protect the workers. Their arrival settled
the question, and in a week the great strike
was practically ended.

Since this "experiment in syndicalism" the
election law of New Zealand has
worked better than ever, but it is really im-
possible to see what votes for women had to
do with the matter.
A. V. W.
Richmond, October 19, 1914.

War News Fifty Years Ago

From the Richmond Dispatch, Oct. 21, 1864.

There was nothing doing down below Rich-
mond yesterday except that the Confederate
gunboats continue to shell the canal bulwars
at Dutch Gap, and the shelling yesterday was
heavier and more vigorous than for several
days past.

Butler has placed many prisoners on the
works at Dutch Gap, and thus placed them in
danger of the Confederate fire from the gun-
boats. Among the officers thus put to work
and in imminent danger is Major Henley, of
the Third Virginia Battalion, and his excuse
for this action is that he has heard that cer-
tain negro troops held as prisoners by the
Confederates have been put to work on the
fortifications around Richmond. The fact is
that the hundred and more negro prisoners
who were thus put to work were placed on
the works at their own request, they preferring
to work in the open air to being kept confined
in cells in Libby and other prisons.

Sixty-five naval officers and men came in by
flag of truce last evening, having been regu-
larly exchanged. Butler kept them at Fortress
Monroe eleven days, and if he could have had
his way would have kept them indefinitely.
But General Grant took the responsibility and
sent them on to Richmond. It is said that
Butler grumbled much at Grant's action, but he
could not help himself.

Barnburner Sheridan is reported to be keep-
ing very quiet in the Valley. Mosby keeps
very busy in his rear, and thus gives Early
chance to choose his own fighting ground on
the front.

Thirty-three Federal prisoners, taken by
Mosby in the affair at Duffield, were safely
landed in Libby's Prison last night.

The quietude in the front of Petersburg is
getting to be monotonous, not to say distress-
ing, to the soldiers. The average Confederate
soldier does not like to be kept loading. He
wants to keep fighting all the time.

The information reaches here that the Fed-
erals have left the Orange and Alexandria Rail-
road and concentrated their forces on the Ma-
nassas Gap Road. This seems to put an end
to the probability of their approaching Gordonsville.

Captain Luther Libby, who was quietly re-
siding on his farm near Fort Harrison, was
taken prisoner by direct order of Butler and
incarcerated at Fortress Monroe. His daugh-
ter, Mrs. Hutchins, and her little daughter,
were also made prisoners and taken to Ber-
muda Hundred. Captain Libby's sister, Miss
Silvia Libby, was also made a prisoner, and
taken to Bermuda. There is no charge against
these good people except that they bear the
name Libby. Captain Libby is reported to be
quite sick at Fortress Monroe.

From Newbern, N. C., comes the report that
119 deaths from yellow fever occurred there
in one day this week. The deaths were mostly
among Federal soldiers who had exploded at
one death has occurred from the dreaded dis-
ease in Wilmington this week.

Rev. D. W. Clark, D. D., Edward Thompson,
D. D., and Rev. C. Kingsley have been elected
bishops of the Northern Methodist Church. All
three have reputations as abolitionists.

Current Editorial Comment

It would require the perverted
ingenuity of a hardened casuist
to present a logical distinction
between sniping and bomb drop-
ping on noncombatants. If it is
not only wrong, but atrocious,
for civilians—that is, men out of uniform—to
be shot by soldiers, why and how is it equally
repulsive for the occupants of airships to drop
bombs on nonmilitary positions? The Cathedral
of Notre Dame, Paris, was crowded with wor-
shippers yesterday when a German aircraft
dropped a bomb upon its roof. Fortunately
the bomb did not explode. Had it exploded and
wrecked that noble structure it would have
mainly killed or maimed noncombatants, for
few French soldiers were probably within the
sacred precincts. To-day a bomb has been
aimed at a crowded Paris railroad station. Pos-
sibly a railroad station in these times may be
considered a military position, as troops are
constantly passing through it, but nevertheless,
the question recurs in this instance if bomb
dropping is not an attempt at promiscuous mas-
sacre and excusable only to those who accept
the doctrine that the right to do a thing is
equivalent to the right to do it.—Boston Trans-
cript.

Gavril Prinszip, judged by the
evil he wrought, is likely to be
classified as one of the most influ-
ential characters in world his-
tory. A crack-brained school-
boy, barely eighteen years of age,
brought Europe to death grips. Hating
the powerful neighbor which shut off his
fatherland's proper opportunity to grow and
develop, he struck at the head of Austria, and
slew the crown prince. Not indirectly, but
straight and speedily from this one act
came the struggle which already, barely in its
infancy, has cost thousands of lives and
brought misery beyond computation or recon-
solation. To be sure, he believed that the boy
was the agent of the Serbian government. No
government would be so blind as to inspire a
deed which must so rebound to its disadvan-
tage and its discredit. More probably he was
driven by an unbalanced enthusiasm, seeking
to sacrifice his own life in striking a blow for
his country. Prinszip is now on trial for his
life at Sarajevo. There is no doubt of his
guilt. The punishment of the murderer is his
penalty. The trial will go still further. It
will be Austria's chance to convict not Prinszip,
but the whole Serbian nation. Austria is mak-
ing a final desperate effort to clear her own
skirts and to shift the responsibility for the
epoch-making catastrophe in which she has
involved Europe.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fixing
Responsibility
for War.

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Where Money Fails.

"That rich Mrs. Stiggins doesn't speak to me
now. Yet she was next-door neighbor
—and they were awfully common." "Well,
there are some things money can't do." "What?"
"Make old-time neighbors forget the early days."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In a Pinch.

Cold weather time is my bete noir,
It grieves me much, for then
The deadly, dread revolving door
Goes on the job again.
—W. Ke. Maxwell, in Peoria Journal.

That deadly door gives me the blues.
I am too fat, they say;
But, darn that fat, I'd hate to lose
My extra flesh that way.
—Houston Post.

The Real Strategy.

Hick—"What do you think of the general
staff?"
Wick—"Huh! I use more real strategy to
get a night out with the boys."—Boston
Transcript.

She Should Have Known.

"Oh, I am so sorry I can't marry you. I had
no idea you thought of me that way!" "Well,
what do you suppose I've been letting your
father beat me at golf all the time for?"
Judge.

THE TERROR OF THE SEAS

ONE OF THE DAY'S BEST CARTOONS



From the New York Evening Sun.

HOW GERMAN GUNS WERE CAPTURED

LONDON, October 13.—A wounded
guardsman, now in the London Hos-
pital, to-day gave this graphic account
of fierce fighting at Compiègne:

"In that part of the field where we
were posted, the Germans dropped on
us all of a sudden, as though from the
sky."

"We first learned of their presence
when a battery of guns on the right
rang out, dropping shells into a mob of
us who were waiting for our turn at
the machine guns. As soon as we saw
we were in danger, we ran, only some
of our fellows who hadn't had a wash
for days cursed and swore a lot at
the Germans for spoiling the best
chance they had had."

"We all ran to our posts in response
to the call of the bugles which rang
out all along the line, and by the time
we all stood to arms, the German cav-
alry came into view in great strength
all along the front. As soon as they
saw they were in danger, they poured
deadly volleys into them, emptying sad-
dles right and left, and they scattered
in all directions."

RIFE FIRE SUPPORTED WELL.

"Meanwhile their artillery kept work-
ing up closer on the front and the
right, and a dark cloud of infantry
followed up against the sky-line on our
front, advancing in formation rather
loose for the Germans. We opened on
them, and they made a fine target for
our rifle fire, which was very well sup-
ported by our artillery fire. The Ger-
mans were very effective, and the range
being found with ease, and we could
see the shells dropping right into the
enemy's ranks. Here and there their
lines began to waver and give
back, and finally they disappeared. Half
an hour later more infantry appeared
on our right front, but we could not
say whether it was the same or another
body. This time they were well sup-
ported by their machine guns, and had
strong forces of cavalry on both flanks."

"All came on at a smart pace with the
apparent plan of seizing a hill on our
right. At the same moment our cav-
alry came into view, and then the
whole guards' brigade advanced. It
was really a race between the two par-
ties who should reach the hill first, but
the Germans won easily, owing to their
superior numbers. As soon as they
were within range, our infantry had taken